

CHAPTER VI.-Continued. She had drawn his head down close

to her face, and her great blue eyes sam and flotsam of humanity that searched his as though they would go to his very soul. She was a child armies upon her inland beaches at in her simple appeal for him to allow her to see his heart, to see that there was nothing black there.

As she gazed her beautiful hands played through his hair as do a mother's through that of the child she is

soothing in sickness. "Bob, speak to me, speak to me," she begged, "tell me there was no dishonor in the getting of those millions. Tell me no one was made to suffer as port. Bob Brownley apparently saw my father and I have suffered. Tell me that the suicides and the convicts, a bench sat a sweet-faced mother the daughters dragged to shame and holding a sleeping babe in her arms, the mothers driven to the madhouse as a result of this panic, cannot be charged to anything unfair or dishonorable that you have done. Bob, ch, Bob, answer! Answer no, or my heart will break; or if, Bob, you have girlhood with the uncertainty of wommade a mistake, if you have done that which in your great desire to aid me and my father seemed justifiable, but which you now see was wrong, tell it to me, Bob, dear, and together we will try to undo it. We will try to find a way to atone. We will give the millions to the last, last penny to those upon whom you have brought misery. Father's loss will not mat-ter. Together we will go to him and tell him what we have done, what we have lived through, tell him of our mistake, and in our agony he will forget his own. For such a horror has my father of anything dishonorable that he will embrace his misery as happiness when he knows that his teachings have enabled his daughter to undo this great wrong. And then Bob, we will be married, and you and I and father and mother will be together, and be, oh, so happy, and we

will begin all over again.' "Beulah, stop; in the name of God, in the name of your love for me, don't say another word. There is a limit to the capacity of a man to suffer, even if he be a great, strong brute like myself, and, Beulah, I have rerached that limit. The day has been a hard one."

His voice softened and became as a tired child's.

"I must go into the hustle of the street, into the din and sound, and get down my nerves and get back my head. Then I shall be able to think clear and true, and I will come back to you, and together we will see if I have done anything that makes me unfit to touch the cheek and the hands and the lips of the best and most beautiful woman God ever put upon earth. Beulah, you know I would not deceive you to save my body from the fires of this world, and my soul from the torture of the damned, and I promise you that if I find that I have done wrong, what you call wrong, what your father would call wrong,

I will do what you say to atone." He took her hand between his hands, gently, reverently, and touching his lips to her glorious golden hair he went away.

Beulah Sands turned to me. "Please, Mr. Randolph, go with him. He is souldazed. One can never tell what a heart sorely perplexed will prompt its owner to do. Often in the night when I have got myself into a fever from thinking of my father's situation, I have had awful temptations. The agents of the devil seek the wretched when none of those they love are by. I have often thought some of the blackest tragedies of the earth might have been averted if there had been a true friend to stand at the wrung one's elbow at the fatal minute of decision and point to the sun behind, just when the black ahead grew unendurable. Please follow Mr. Brownlev than you may be ready, should his awakening to what he has done become unbearable. Tell him the dreaded morrows are never as terrible actually as they seem in anticipation."

I overtook Bob just outside the office. I did not speak to him, for I realized that he was in no mood for with their own thoughts to notice me came louder than before. It came company. I dropped in behind, determined that I would not lose sight their conversation, but long afterof him. It was almost one o'clock. ward, when I mentioned our old sten- God, the sight that met my gaze! Wall street was at its meridian of frenzy, every one on a wild rush. The day's doings had packed the always tery. Her husband, after their mar- ful, quiet, gray figure that had grown crowded money lane. The newsboys were shouting afternoon editions. stock-gambling microbe, the microbe and me of late, sat at the flat desk "Terrible panic in Wall street. One that gnaws into its victim's mind and in the center of the room. She faced man against millions. Robert Brownley broke 'the street.' Made twenty millions in an hour. Bank failed. Wreck and ruin everywhere. Presisuicide." Bob gave no sign of hearing. He strode with a slow, measured gait, his head erect, his eyes staring ahead, a man thinking, thinking, thinking for his salvation. Many hurrying men looked at him, some with an men looked at him, some with an theft, and that morning she had been groans. expression of unutterable hatred, as turned into the street by her landthough they wanted to attack him. Then again there were those who called him by name with a laugh of joy; and some turned to watch him in curiosity. It was easy to pick the wounded from those who shared in his victory, and from those who knew the frenzied finance buzz-saw only by its buzz. Boz saw none. Where could be going? He came to the head of the street of coin and crime and crossed Broadway. His path was blocked by the fence surrounding old Trinity's churchyard. Grasping the pickets in either hand he stared at the crumbling headstones of those guardsmen of Mammon who once walked the earth and fought their heart battles, as he was walking and fighting, but who now knew no ten o'clock, no three, who looked upon the stock-gamblers and dollar-trailers as they looked upon the worms that honeycombed their headstones' bases. What thoughts went through Bob Brownley's mind only his Maker knew. For minutes he stood motionloss, then he walked down Broadway.

He went into the Battery. benches were crowded with that jet-New York's mighty sewers throw in every sunrise. Here a sodden brute sleeping off a prolonged debauch, there a lad whose frankness of face and homespun clothes and bewildered

eyes spelt "from the farm and mother's watchful love." On another bench an Italian woman who had a half-dozen future dollar kings and social queens about her, and whose clothes told of the immigrant ship just into none. But suddenly he stopped. Upon while a curly-pated boy nestled his head in her lap and slept through the magic lanes and fairy woods of dreamland. The woman's face was one of those that blend the confidence of anhood. 'Twas a pretty face, which had been plainly tagged by its Maker for a light-hearted trip through the world, but it had been seared by the iron of the city.

"Mr. Brownley-" She started to

"hush," unwilling to rob the sleepers of their heaven.

"What are you doing here, Mrs. -?" He halted.

"Mrs. Chase. Mr. Brownley, when dolph's office I married John Chase; clerk. I had such a happy home and

his memorandum-book, write some thing upon a leaf, tear it out sad hand it to the woman, touch his hat, and pefore she could stop him, stride away. I saw her look at the paper, clap her hands to her forehead, look at the paper again and at the retreating form of Bob Brownley. Then I saw her, yes, there in the old Battery park, in the drizzling rain and under the eyes of all, drop upon her knees in prayer. How long she prayed I do not know only know that as I followed Bob I looked back and the woman was still upon her knees. I thought at the time how queer and unnatural the whole thing seemed. Later, I learned to know that nothing is queer and unnatural in the world of human suffering: that great human suffering turns all that is queer and unnatural into commonplace. Next day Bessie Brown came to our office to see Bob. Not being able to get at him she asked for me.

"Mr. Randolph, tell me, please, what shall I do with this paper?" she said. "I met Mr. Brownley in the Battery yesterday. He saw I was in distress, and he gave me this, but I cannot believe he meant it," and she showed me an order on Randolph & Randolph for a thousand dollars. cashed her check and she went away.

From the Battery Bob sought the wharves, the Bowery, Fire Points, the hothouses of the under world of America. He seemed bent on picking out the haunts of misery in the misery-infested metropolis of the new For two hours he tramped and I followed. A number of times I thought to speak to him and try to win him from his mood, but I refrained. I could see there was a soul battle waging and I realized that upon its outcome might depend Bob's salvation. Some seek the quiet of the woods, the soothing rustle of the He gently pushed her back with a brook when battling for their soul, but Bob's woods appeared to be the shadowy places of misery, his rustling leaves the hoarse din of the multitude, and his brook's ripple the tears and tales of the man-damned of the great went away from Rahdolph & Ran- city, for he stopped and conversed with many human derelicts that he you may remember him as a delivery met on his course. The hand of the clock on Trinity's steeple pointed to my husband was good; I did not four as we again approached the of-



a Bench Sat a Sweet-Faced Mother Holding a Sleeping Babe in Her Arms.

are our two children." "What are you doing here?"

The tears sprang to her eyes; she dropped them, but did not answer.

"Don't mind me, woman. I, too have hidden hells I don't want the world to see. Don't mind me; tell me your story. It may do you good; it may do me good; yes, it may do

I had dropped into a seat a few feet away. Both were too much occupied or any one else. I could not overhear ographer, Bessle Brown, to Bob, he It haunts me even now when years told me of the incident at the Bat- have dulled its vividness. The beautiriage, had become infected with the heart day and night, while ever the door. Her elbows rested on the flercer grows the "get rich, get rich" desk; in her hand was an afternoon fever. He had plunged with their savings and had drawn a blank. He had lost his position in disgrace and had landed in the bucket-shop, the fore he came. Bob was kneeling at sub-cellar pit of the big stock ex- the side of her chair, his hands claspchange hell. From there a week be- ed and uplifted in an agony of appeal fore he had been sent to prison for that was supplemented by the awful

have to typewrite any longer. These ; fice of Randolph & Randolph. Bob was now moving with a long, hurried stride, as though consumed with a fever of desire to get to Beulah Sands. For the last 15 minutes I had with difficulty kept him in sight. Had he arrived at a decision, and if so, what was it? I asked myself over and over again as I plowed through the crowds.

> Bob went straight to Beulah Sands' office, I to mine. I had been there but a moment when I heard deep, guttural groans. I listened. The sound from Beulah Sands' office. With a bound I was at the open door. My to be such a familiar picture to Bob paper that she had evidently been reading when Bob entered. God knows how long she had been reading it be

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Ocean's Greatest Depths.

Pressure of Water That Would Destroy a Battleship.

pounds to the square inch. The staunchest ship ever built would be crippled under this awful pressure like an eggshell under a steam roller. A pine beam, 15 feet long, which held More than half the surface of the open the mouth of a trawl used in globe is hidden under water two miles | making a cast at a depth of more deep; 7,000,000 square miles lie at a than 18,000 feet, was crushed flat as depth of 18,000 feet or more. Many if it had been passed between rollplaces have been found five miles ers. The body of the man who should and more in depth. The greatest depth attempt to venture to such depths yet sounded is 31,200 feet, near the is- would be compressed until the flesh land of Guam. If Mount Everest, the was forced into the interstices of the world's highest mountain, were pluck- bone and his trunk was no larger than ed from its seat and dropped into a rolling pin. Still, the body would this spot the waves would still roll reach the bottom, for anything that 2,000 feet above its crest. Into this will sink in a tub of water will sink terrific abyss the waters press down to the uttermost depths of the ocean. with a force of more than 10,000 -Eugene Willoughby in The Ocean.



THE SAME OLD STORY

THE MAN ON DECEMBER 1

Now wifey let us be sensible this Christmas time; Let us not spend our substance on Each chic and child Of every forty-second cousin we can think of. Each \$1.98 that we spend now Means that much more economy in the year to come It means Less clothes, Less theaters, Less porterhouse steaks Less everything that you and me and Baby Jack care for. This Christmas habit is all folly That we can well dispense with

And we must. We must think of the to-morrows, And not spend our hard-earned coin In riotous giving Even though it is the fashlon of the time. We'll cut it out, And have something for a summer day's vacation.

THE MAN ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Ah! A box of cigars from dear old Will, And just my favorite brand, He never fargets. And here's a rop for Baby Jack from Cousin Eddie, And a book from John's wife. And Molly's baby sends a rattle, And Molly sends a centerpiece. And George, Our farmer cousin, Sends a barrel of apples for the family. Now look ar this A necktie from Cousin Sarah And just my color too. And then she sends A scarf to you, and pins for Baby Jack. And still there's more, The house is fairly littered up with Christmas remembrances. Boxes from Joe, and Clark and Sue, And Cousin Billy. V Did any other family ever have So many thoughtful friends and relatives as we lay claim to? I tell you it is good To have folks think of us like this, Just to know

That around this little old world of ours there's someone calls you friend; Someone who remembers you. We like it, Don't we wifev?



THE MAN ON JANUARY 2

What's this! A bill for Christmas presents? The items, please? Just tops, and drums, and books and ties, And all the usual list of Christmas plunder, to the extent Of \$302.47 you say. And I told her that we would cut it out, This folly, this Christmas giving, this reckless spending Well, here's your check, But you just bet, Another year we will have none of it.



Christmas Is a Good Day for a Cold.

BISHOP OLMSTED of Colorado was making a Christmas address to ome Denver children.

"Ent heartily on Christmas day," the bishop said, smiling, "Do full justice to turkey, to cranberry sauce, to plum pudding, to all the good things! But don't give way to gluttony. Don't gloat over your Christmas daintles like a Bala boy I used o know. This boy said one Christas morning:

'My, I wish I had a cold!'

"'Why?' asked his brother. "'Cause mother says to feed a cold, and if I had one to-day, wouldn't I feed it, though!""

Old Ideas About Christmas. Even as late as 1753 there was some doubt as to the exact date of Christmas, the old count bringing it to the 5th of January, the new count giving us the 25th of December, which is "the day we celebrate." In Devonshire, England, it is believed that if the sun shines at noon on Christmas day a plentiful crop may be looked for in the following year.



Sweet magnet-night of all the year, From field and city, camp and foam, Where'er our loved ones absent roam, Thy subtle spell from far and near Can draw them home.

Gathered round thy friendly fire, Sisters, mother, sons, and sire Once more in fond affection meet, To love-set time their bosoms beat, And every hearth's a happy quire Of singers sweet.

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Brief Christmas Tales

MAYOR STOY of Atlantic City was If one is going to give a Christmas dinner," he said, "it is best to give a good, even a lavish one. Then one doesn't get up from the table with re- all go to pieces." morse gnawing at the heart, as was the case last year with an Atlantic forever; for if all soldiers wuz like City young man. He took his fiancee and her mother to a Christmas din- fightin'. ner in a New York restaurant. Arriving at the restaurant a little before the ladies, he ordered the dinner, and

then said to the waiter: "'Look here; I'll call for two quarts of champagne after the fish, but you just bring that champagne cider in the fancy bottle instead. It's good stuff, and the ladies won't know the

difference. "'Very well, sir,' said the waiter, "Then the ladles arrived, and the dinner progressed splendidly. The champagne was ordered, the cider was brought, and neither guest perceived the deception. On the contrary, both praised the champagne. They drank heartily of it.

ner's end, the young man's face darkened. He beckoned to the waiter, and, with nods and winks galore, pointed to the wine item.

"'Waiter, there's some mistake about this charge, isn't there?" "'Oh, no, sir,' said the waiter. "Two bottles of champagne, eight dollars.

That was what you ordered, sir.' 'Certainly. Two bottles of champagne. We remember your ordering them,' the ladies chorused.

"'But-' said the young man, winking and nodding like a steam engine at the waiter.

"The bill is quite correct, sir,' said the waiter, firmly.

"The ladies looked at him reproachfully, and the young man could do nothing but pay up.

Sample of American Christmas Push.

CIR THOMAS LIPTON had been

O complimented by a New York reporter on the cup he had just offered. "I ought to offer a cup," said the genial Briton, "to the retail shop-keeptrade. The size of your Christmas trade amazes me-its size, and the dexterity with which it is handled.

"I heard the other day of a great Christmas bargain sale in Quincy. To one of the bargain counters a man was rash enough to venture. He struggled heroically a little while among the press, then, with a loud cry, he sank,

"'Help, help!' he shouted from the floor. 'Help! My leg is broken.' "The clerk, dextrous in the handling Christmas crowds, got him.

"'And you'll find our Christmas splints and curtches, sir,' he said, 'on third floor back, fifth alsle to left., .. - 1000

in the Interest of Peace on Earth."

A LFRED H. LOVE, the president of Universal Peace Union, told one day in Philadelphia a peace story. "At this Christmas season," he said, those given with a pure motive. men talk sincerely about loving one a crockery shop, during the holidays, another, about the universal brother-

hood of man, and in the same breath plainly-dressed young woman a twothey assert that it is right to burn dollar bill. She looked at the bill, and maim and kill in war. They are and said bitterly: not so logical as a young colored recruit who served in the Philippines. year ain't I broken 35 tumblers, 26 This young man, at the end of his cups, nine meat platters, four saucers, initial engagement, was haled before 72 plates and 13 of the mistress' best his captain.

"'So you ran at the first fire, did you?' said the captain, scornfully. 'Yes, sah; an' I'd 'a' run sooner, sah, if I'd knowed it wuz comin'.'

"'Have you no regard for your reputation, Calhoun?"

'Mah reputation hain't nuffin' to me, sah, 'londside o' mah life.' "The captain smiled and twirled his

mustache. "Even if you should lose your life, Calhoun,' he said, 'you'd have the satisfaction of knowing that you had

died for your country.'
""Wot satisfaction could dat be to me, sah, when de power o' feelin' it wuz gone?

"Then patriotism means nothing to "'Nuffin', sah. I wouldn't put mah

life in de scales agin any government dat eber existed, for no government could replace de loss o' me.' "'Calhoun, if all soldiers were like

you, the world's governments would 'On de contrary, sah, dey'd last me, den dere couldn't neber be no

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Sam Small's Hypnotism Didn't Work.

THE late Sam Small had his faults," said an Atlantan, "but he did not edge the penalty of them. When he went wrong, he owned up like a man, and if punishment was due, he took it.

"That was the doctrine Sam Small preached. He hated dodgers. He used to laugh bitterly at the plea of 'hypnotic influence' that used to be put up by nearly every murderer.

"I once heard him ridiculing hypnotism. He said that he ty heavily one year for Christmas, and when the bill came in for turkey and "But when the bill came at the din- mince meat, candy, ducks, chickens, plum pudding, fruit cake and so on, he thought to himself that here was a

case for hypnotism to be tried, "He went first to hypnotize the grocer. Approaching the man, he looked him squarely in the eye, at the same time repeating, slowly and impressively:

'My bill is paid.'

"A change came over the grocer's face. His color faded, his eyes grew dull, his expression blank. And in a strange, mechanical voice he mut-

"You're a liar."

* It Was a Sure Proof of Lunacy.

DUFUS L. GRISWOLD, the Cleveland educator who holds that it is wrong to let children believe in Santa Claus, was arguing about his strange views at a dinner.

"Why lie to children?" he asked. "Why let them believe in a myth? Whenever I hear mention of that loathed name of Santa Claus, I think of a lunatic. Some years ago I attended a trial. A witness was beer who does the biggest Christmas ing examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates.

"'You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?' a lawyer asked. "'I do,' was the firm reply.

"'Why are you so sure?' "'The man,' the witness said, 'goes about asserting that he is Santa

Claus. "'And,' said the lawyer, 'you hold, do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus, it's a clear proof of his insanity?"

"'Why!" "Because,' said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, 'I happen to be Santa Ciaus myself.'"

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Had Earned Her

Christmas Gift.

THERE are Christmas gifts and Christmas gifts," said Bishop Fors, out the only acceptable ones are once saw the proprietor hand a

"Is that all? And durin' the past tureens?

"'There, there,' said the shopmi soothingly; 'here's another dollar for you. And don't forget me, you know,' he ended with a wink."